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THE
HISTORY
OF
TOMMY POTTS,
OR, THE
LOVERS QUARREL.



Printed and Sold in London.

(2)

Thus Tommy Potts does here trepan
The Lady's heart, tho' a Serving Man.



Lord Phenix envies Tommy's Fate,
As doth this History full relate.



T H E
H I S T O R Y
O F
T O M M Y P O T T S .

Tune—Flora's Departure.

O F all the Lords in Scotland fair,
And Ladies so bright and blithe,
There is a noble Lady among them all,
A report of her you shall hear of me.
For her beauty is so bright,
And of a colour very fair,
She's daughter to Lord Arundel,
Approv'd, apparent, and his heir.
I'll see his bride, Lord Phenix said,
'That Lady of so bright a glee,
And if I like her countenance well,
The heir of all my land sh-'ll be.
But when he came the Lady before,
Before this comely maid came he,

O God save thee, thou Lady sweet,
My heir apparent thou shalt be.



Leave off your suit, the Lady said,
As you're a Lord of high degree,
You may have ladies enough at home,
And I have a Lord in my own count y,
For I have a lover true of my own,
A servant man of low degree,
O Tommy Potts, it is his name,
My first and last that e'er shall be.
If that Tommy Potts it is his name,
I do ken him right verily,
I am able to spend forty pounds a week,
Where he is not able to spend pounds
three.

God give you good of your gold,
And God give you good of your fees,

Tom Potts was the first lover I saw,
 And I mean the last to be.
 With that Lord Phenix was mov'd.
 Towards the Lady fast he did threat,
 He told her father, and it is prov'd
 How his daughter's mind was set.
 O daughter dear, thou art my own,
 The heir of my land to be.
 O father dear, I am your own,
 And at your command must be,
 But bind my body to whom you please,
 My heart goes Tommy Potts with thee.
 Alas! the Lady her love must leave,
 And all the wooing laid aside,
 The time is come that was appointed,
 That she must be Lord Phenix's bride.
 With that the Lady began to weep,
 She knew not what to say,
 How she might Lord Phenix deny,
 And escape the marriage day.
 She call'd unto her fine foot page,
 Saying, I can trust none but thee,
 Go carry Tom Potts this letter fair,
 And bid him at Guildford to meet me.
 For I must marry against my will,
 For on my fain it prov'd shall be,

And tell him I am loving and kind,
 And with him this wedding will see.
 But see you note his countenance well,
 And his colour, and shew it me,
 And go thy way, and hie thee again,
 And forty shillings I will give thee.
 And if he smiles with his lips,
 My stomach shall laugh at heart,
 Then I may see my true love,
 But of Tom Potts small is my part.
 But if he blush now in thy face,
 Then in heart he'll sorry be,
 Then to his vow he has some grace,
 And false to him I ne'er will be.



Away this lacquey boy he rode,
 And with full speed away rode he,
 Till he came to Salisbury Castle,
 And there Tommy Potts to see.
 He gave the letter into his hand,
 Before that he began to read,
 He told him plainly by word of mouth,
 His love must be Lord Phoenix' bride.
 When he look'd on the letter fair,
 The salt tears blemish'd in his eye,
 Said he I cannot read this letter fair,
 Nor ever a word can see or spy.
 My little boy be true to me,
 Here are five marks I will give thee,
 And all these words I must peruse,
 And tell my Lady this from me;
 By faith and truth she is my own,
 By act and promise to be found,
 Lord Phoenix shall not have my right,
 Except he wins her with his hand.
 On Guildford Green I will her meet,
 Say that I wish her for me to pray,
 For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
 Or else he wedding I mean to stay.
 Away back this lacquey boy rode,
 Then as fast as he could he,

The Lady met him two miles on the way,
 Why did you stay so long, my boy?
 My little boy thou art but young,
 It grieves me to hear thee mock and
 scorn,

I'll not believe by word of mouth,
 Unless by book thou wilt be sworn.

Now by the book, the boy did say,

And Jesus Christ be as true to me,

Tom Potts could not read thy letter,

Nor never a word could spy or see.

He says by faith you are his own,

By solemn promise tis to be found,

Lord Phoenix shall not have you to night,

Except he win you with his hand.

On Guildford Green he will you meet,

He wishes you for him to pray,

For there he'll lose his life so sweet,

Or else the wedding mean to stay.

If this be true, my little boy,

These tidings thou tellest me,

For ty. tidings I did once promise,

Here at ten pounds I do give thee.

My maidens all, the lady said,

That ever with me will t. prove,

Now let us all kneel down and pray

That Tommy Potts may win his love.

If he be fortunate to win,
 As pray to Christ in Trinity,
 I'll make him the flower of all his kin;
 And young Lord Arundel he shall be;
 So unto prayers they all did go,
 Begging that he might have success,
 Which the Second Part will shew,
 And please the reader more or less.



T H E L
LOVER'S QUARREL.

PART the SECOND.



WHEN Tommy comes home again,
To try for his love had a week,
For sorrow God wot he need not care,
For four days he fell sick.
With that his master to him came,
S ys he, Tom Potts, tell me of your
doubt,

What tidings my Tommy Potts,
 Thou art so full of courtesy,
 Thou'st slain some of my fellows,
 Or wrought to me some villainy.
 I've slain none of thy fellows,
 Nor wrought you any villainy,
 But I have a love in Scotland fair,
 And I fear I shall lose her by poverty.
 If you'll now believe me,
 But read this letter and you'll see,
 Here by all suspicious words,
 That she herself has sent to me.
 But when he read the letter fair,
 From all suspicious words was free,
 O Tommy Potts take thou no care,
 Thou'st not lose her for poverty.
 Thou shalt have forty pounds a week,
 In gold and silver thou shalt roll,
 And Harvey town I will give thee,
 As long as thou intendest to woo.
 Thou shalt have forty of thy fellows fair,
 And forty horses to go with thee,
 Forty of the best spears I have,
 And I myself will keep thee company.
 I thank thee master, said Tommy Potts,
 That proffer is too good for me,
 For if Jesus Christ stands on my side,

My own hands shall set me free.
 God be with you master, said Tom Potts,
 Now Christ you save and see,
 If ever I come alive again,
 Stay'd the wedding shall be.
 O God you speed, thou Tommy Potts,
 Thou art well proved for a man.
 See every drop of blood you spill,
 Nor yonder gentleman confound.
 See that a truce with him you make,
 And appoint a place of liberty,
 Let him provide as well as he can,
 As well provided you shall be.
 But when he came to Guildford Green,
 And there had walk'd aside,
 There did he spy Lord Phenix come,
 And Rosamond his bride.
 Away by the bride Tom Potts went,
 But never a word to her did say,
 Till he Lord Phenix came before,
 And gave him the time of the day.
 O welcome, welcome, Tommy Potts,
 Thou serving man of low degree,
 How doth thy Lord and master,
 And all the ladies in the country?
 My Lord and master is in health,

I trust since that I did him see;
 Will you walk with me to an outside,
 Two or three words to speak with me?
 You are a nobleman, said Tom,
 And born a Lord of Scotland free,
 You have ladies enough at home
 And never take my love from me.
 Away, away, thou Tommy Potts,
 Thou serving man stand aside,
 It is not a serving man this day,
 Can hinder me of my bride.
 If I be a serving man, said Tom,
 And you a Lord of high degree,
 A spear or two with you I will turn,
 Before I will lose her cowardly.
 Appoint a place I will thee meet,
 Appoint a place of liberty,
 For there I'll lose my life so sweet,
 Or die the lady I'll set free.
 On Guildford Green I will thee meet,
 No man or boy shall come with me,
 As I am a man, said Tommy Potts,
 I'll have as few in my company.
 And thus staid the marriage was,
 The bride return'd unmarry'd again.
 Then to her maidens fast she did laugh,

And in her heart she was full fain.
 My maidens a'l, the Lady said,
 That ever wait on me this day,
 Now let us all kneel down,
 And for Tommy Potts let's pray.
 If it be his fortune the battle to win,
 As I wish and hope it may be,
 I'll make him the flower of all his kin,
 For the young Lord Arundel he shall
 be.



T H E
LOVER'S QUARREL.

PART the THIRD.



LET's leave talking of the lady fair,
In prayers where she may be,
Now let us talk of Tommy Potts,
To his master away went he.
But when he came Lord Jockey before,
He kneeled lowly on his knee,
What news my brave Tommy Potts,
Thou art so full of courtesy?

If you have gotten your Lady gay,
O you must go your Lady without.

O master! it is yet unknown,

Within two days it try'd must be,

He is a Lord, I but a servant man,

I fear I shall lose her for poverty.

I pri thee Tom stand on thy feet,

My former promise kept shall be,

As I am a Lord in Scotland fair,

Thou'lt never lose her for poverty.

For thou'lt have heir of all my land,

And that will raise thee many pounds,

Before thou shalt out-braved be,

Thou'lt drop angels with him on the
ground.

I thank you master, said Tommy Potts,

Yet there is one that I fain,

Aye, that is, if lose my Lady fair,

How I'll restore thy goods again.

If that you win your Lady sweet,

You well may afford to pay me;

If you lose the Lady you lose enough,

You shall not pay me one penny.

You've got thirty horses in one close,

You keep them all track and free;

Among them there is a white horse,

This day will set my Lady free.
 There's one with a cut tail,
 Full sixteen years of age is he;
 If you wil lend me this old horse,
 Then I can win her easily.



That's a foolish opinion his master said,
 And a foolish opinion you take to thee;
 Thou hast a better than ever he was,
 Tho' for y pounds more it cost me.
 O your choice horses are too rough,
 And little can think of a train,

If I be out of the saddle cast,
 They are so wild they'll not be ta'en.
 Thou'lt have a horse, he said,
 If one thing thou wilt tell me,
 Why that horse is better than the other,
 I prithee Tom tell me ?
 He is old, of sto mach bold,
 And well skills his train,
 If I be out of the saddle cast,
 He'll stand still or turn again.
 Thou'lt take the horse I do declare,
 A plain coat of silver free,
 An hundred men at your back to fight,
 If he your master be.
 I thank you master, said Tommy Potts,
 That proffer is too good for me,
 I'd not for ten thousand pounds,
 Have man or boy in my company.
 Then fare you well, said Tommy Potts,
 Now as you are a man of the law,
 One thing let me crave at your hand,
 Let never a one of my fellows know.
 For if my fellows th-y did wot,
 Or ken of my extremity,
 Except you keep them under lock,
 Behind me I am sure they'll be.

But when he came to Guildford Green,
 He waited hours two or three,
 There did he wait till Lord Phenix came,
 And four men in his company.
 You've broke your vow, said Tom Potts,
 E'en the vow you made to me,
 You said you'd bring no man nor boy.
 But you have brought two or three.
 These are my men, Lord Phenix said,
 Which every day do wait on me,
 If any of these do offer to strike,
 I'll run my spear thro' his body.
 I'll run no race now, said Tommy Potts,
 Except now this may be,
 If either of us be slain this day,
 Forgiven the other shall be.
 I'll make that vow with a' my heart,
 My men shall bear witness of me,
 And if you kill me here this day,
 In Scotland lets lov'd thou shalt not be.
 They turn'd their horses thrice about,
 To run the race so eagerly.
 Lord Phenix he was fierce and stout,
 And ran Tommy Potts through the
 thigh.
 He bore him out of the saddle fair.

Down to the ground so sorrowfully,
 For the loss of my life I do not care,
 But for the loss of my lady fair.
 Now for the loss of my lady,
 Which once I took for my wife,
 I pray thee, Lord Phenix, ride not away,
 For with thee I'll end my life.
 Tom Potts he was but a serving man,
 And yet he was a Doctor good,
 He ties his handkerchief on the ground,
 And soon he staunch'd the blood.



He leapt into his saddle again,
 And his blood began to warm,
 He miss'd Lord Phenix's body fair,
 And run him in the brawn of the arm.

He bore him out of the saddle so fair,
 Down to the ground so sorrowfully,
 Said, prithee Lord Phenix sit up again,
 Or yield my Lady unto me.
 How for to fight I cannot tell,
 And for to fight I am not sure,
 For thou hast pierced my arm,
 And with a spear I cannot endure.
 You have the lady with a'l my heart,
 It never was likely better to prove
 With me, or any nobleman else,
 Who'd hinder a poor man of his love.
 Since you say so, said Tommy Potts,
 I will not seem thy butcher to be,
 But I'll come and staunch thy blood,
 If any thing thou wilt give me.
 As he did staunch Lord Phenix's blood,
 Lord in his heart he did rejoice !
 I'll take the Lady from you thus,
 But of her you've another choice.
 Here is a lane of two miles long,
 At either end we set will be ;
 The lady in the middle shall stand,
 And her own choice shall set her free.
 If thou'lt do so, Lord Phenix said,
 To lose her thus tis honesty,

Forty pounds I will give thee,
 But when they in the lane were set,
 The wit of woman for to prove,
 By the faith of my body the Lady said,
 Then Tom Potts must have his love,
 Towards Tom Potts the Lady did hie,
 For to get up behind him hastily,
 No, no, Lord Phenix said,
 Better proved it shall be.
 Stay with your maidens here,
 In number fair there are but three,
 Tom Potts and I'll go behind the wall,
 So one of us be prov'd to die.
 But when they came behind the wall,
 One never came the other nigh,
 For Lord Phenix made a vow
 With Tom Potts he would never try.
 O give me choice, Lord Phenix said,
 For to try if true or false she be,
 And I will go to the Lady fair,
 And tell her Tom Potts slain is he.
 When he came from behind the wall,
 Unto the Lady he did hie,
 O Lady sweet thou art my own,
 For Tom Potts slain have I.
 Now I have slain Tom Potts,

And given him wounds two or three,
 O! dy sweet thou art my own,
 Of lovers all wilt thou love me?
 If thou hast slain Tom Potts,
 And given him wounds two or three,
 I'll sell the estates of my father's lands,
 But Lord Phenix hang'd shall be.
 With that the Lady fell in a swoon,
 For a grieved woman God wot was she,
 Lord Phenix he was ready then
 For to take her up so hastily.
 O swe t Lady stand on thy feet,
 Alive this day Tom Potts may be.
 I'll send for thy father Lord Arundel,
 And he and I the wedding will see,
 If he will not maintain thee well,
 Land livings thou'lt have of me.
 I'll see this wedding Lord Arundel said,
 Of my daughter's luck that is so fair,
 Seeing that matters will so better be,
 Of my lands Tommy Potts is the heir.
 With that the Lady began to smile,
 For a glad woman God wot was she,
 Now all maids, the lady said,

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Example you must take by me,
But all the ladies in Scotland fair,
And English lasses that would prove
Neither marry for gold nor goods,
Nor marry for any thing but love.
For I have a lover true of my own,
A serving man of low degree:
And now for Tom Potts, I'll change my
name,

And the Lord Arundel he shall be,
The lady she did loyal prove,
As many did in Scotland know,
And many days they spent in love,
Till death their bliss did overthrow.

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F I N I S.